UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Religion and Art in the 13th Century

By FRANCIS NEILSON

The Bankruptcy of Europe

By CHARLES F. DOLE

If the People Knew!

By LYDIA G. WENTWORTH

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EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

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Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVII THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1921 NUMBER 5

BEYOND THE HILLS.

Beyond the heights of cloud-swept hills,
Past battlements of somber ills,
Within the reach of human wills,
Is Light.

Above the battle-lines of creeds,
Past hearts aflame in passion's breeze,
Fulfilling all our inmost needs,
Is Love.

Higher up, beyond all sorrow,
Calling clear for all to follow,
Glorious with each tomorrow,
Is Life.

—*Wm. Lord McKinney.*

Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H., Easter, 1921.

Alas, the poor editor! Here are letters resentfully declaring that we are "making UNITY (our) personal organ." We wonder what this means? (1) That we write our own editorials? If so, we must plead guilty to the charge, for we *do* write our own editorials. Other editors occasionally do the same, as witness Jenkin Lloyd Jones when he was editor of this paper! (2) That we publish articles and sermons of our own? Guilty again! But so was our illustrious predecessor, Dr. Jones. He also published his own articles and sermons, and for the same reason, we imagine—namely, no funds to purchase articles by outside contributors, and few such articles sent in as free-will offerings. We will gladly dispense with our own material, when other material is in hand. (3) That we voice our own opinions! Guilty once more! We *do!* We are engaged in the business here of stating what we believe, and not what somebody else believes. "If this be treason, make the most of it." (4) That we suppress other people's opinions! At last, *not guilty!* Anybody who has anything to say, and knows how to say it, need only knock on our editorial door, and the door will be opened. The columns of UNITY are free to all honest ideas, whether these ideas be our own or not. (5) That we are not Jenkin Lloyd Jones! Again, *not guilty!* We *are* not Jenkin Lloyd Jones! He was *himself,* and we are *ourselves.* In this one way, and only way, are we preserving his work and perpetuating his spirit!

Alas, the poor editor! But why "alas the poor editor"? For the last few weeks we have been sharing confidences with our readers, and thus exposing some of the difficulties of our editorial task. We would not have anybody imagine, however, that we are unhappy, resentful, or hungry for pity. On the contrary, we are having a perfectly glorious time, and are finding infinite rewards for our labors. We simply became so full to the brim with amusement at the pontifical way in which our friends excommunicate us every now and then, that we couldn't help spilling over in these columns. You see, a bull of excommunication no longer disturbs us. We have long since learned that we can't please everybody, and that therefore the only thing to do is to please ourselves. We have long since discovered that many men are of so many different minds, that dissent by one person is really to be regarded as nothing but a proof of assent by some other person. And we know that the excommunicator, because of his own size, must draw so small a circle of exclusion, that we can always catch him in our larger circle of inclusion. As Markham put it, in his magic quatrain:

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

So do not pity "the poor editor." He is well, happy, loves his job, and gives equal salutation to critics and friends.

A new period has plainly opened in the affairs of Russia. The prompt and effectual crushing of the recent internal rebellion, which was undoubtedly fomented and financed by reactionary influences from without, ends for good and all the long series of attempts to overthrow the Bolshevik regime. Even the New York *Times* concedes that the Lenin government is one of the most firmly established in Europe! More important is the signing of the long-debated trade agreement between England and the Soviets. The commercial consequences of this event are still uncertain; but not at all uncertain are the political consequences. For he is stupid or stubborn indeed who does not see that this means very promptly now the recognition of the Bolshevik government, and the restoration of Russia to the family of nations. Lastly, we note the recent speech of Lenin in which, with that rigorous realism which has made him the foremost statesman of his time, he concedes his readiness to accept the world as he finds it, and adjust thereto his system of communism. All this is good news. It marks, after long delay, the triumph of the policy which UNITY has supported from the beginning. Now for the first time comes the real test of Bolshevism—its ability to survive in a world which is not unwilling to give it a fair chance.

Announcement comes from England that 300,000 British men and women, all of whom served in some capacity during the Great War, have bound themselves by solemn pledge

not to take up arms in case of another war; to refuse to manufacture or transport munitions; to refuse all payment of taxes in case of war.

This seems like an extension to the British Isles of Gandhi's idea of "non-co-operation" in India; and in the one case as in the other, it looks like "business." Of course it is a question as to whether those who have signed this pledge, would actually stand by it if war should come again. We had some rather melancholy experiences during the late unpleasantness, of men deserting blithely in war-time the solemn promises which they had made in peace-time. A war, after all, looks very different when it is actually at hand with all the bewildering accompaniments of propaganda, flags and banners, espionage laws and conscription acts, from what it does when it is a mere supposititious prospect in the indefinitely remote future. Still, we got a lot of training in the last war; we were given an unparalleled opportunity to test our nerves, and think things through. We are ready now for contingencies which shook us like earthquakes in 1914-1918. We believe, therefore, that these pledges mean more today than they have ever meant before. A by-no-means-inconsiderable part of the present generation is through with war for good and all.

The problem of war, after all, lies not so much in the present generation as in the coming generation.

"Every generation must have its war," says Zangwill in his "The War for the World." "No generation likes to die without seeing this famous thing—War—with its own eyes. . . . And so the latest date for the next war is fixed by the life of the generation now being born."

This is a grim prognostication, but he would be a foolish man who would flout it or ignore it. We ourselves never get quite so discouraged over the question of war, as when we look upon our children and think of the debauch of patriotic appeal, glorification of fighting, flag-waving and military pageantry, through which they have been passing in the last few years; or when we think of the children just now coming into the world, who are destined to be educated in a pestilential tradition which will exalt the Great War as a supreme instance of human wisdom and devotion. We who are now on the scene have had our taste of war, know its rottenness and want nothing more of it. But our children and children's children have only seen the deceptive glitter of the tinsel, or only heard the hero tales of old. Can they be saved from this passion to have their war, as their fathers had theirs? This is perhaps what Wells is asking when he speaks in his "Outline" of what he calls "the race between education and catastrophe."

In the *Churchman* for February 5th appears a remarkable report of religious conditions in the British Isles. "The outlook for organized Christianity," it is stated, "is not bright." Statistics of membership in the various denominations "show long-continued decreases." Attendance at religious services is about as bad as it can be; "many churches are all but empty." As for maintenance funds, these can only be obtained "in too many cases by special efforts and 'drives'." All this sounds familiar, only it bears an aspect of honesty which is unusual in reports of church conditions. Perhaps it is because the report was prepared for publication three thousand miles away from Great Britain, that the facts are presented with such brutal frankness. We doubt if any of the papers printed for British consumption contain such statements as these. In the same way we imagine that there are appearing in England reports of the appalling conditions prevailing in the churches in this country, which would never be allowed to be printed here. In any case, we can be sure that what is true today of the British Isles must be largely true as well of the United States. Here, as there, "the outlook is not bright." We doubt if it has ever been so dark at any time since the dawning of the Protestant Reformation. Yet be of good cheer; a new church is on the way. *L'eglise est mort; vive l'eglise!*

Dr. Gunsaulus, whose untimely death occurred on March 17th last, presented the unusual combination of preacher and administrator. As a clergyman in Chicago, he talked to multitudes Sunday after Sunday; and in the lecture field, where he was busy for years, he addressed unnumbered thousands. His sermons and lectures were eloquent, touched with sincere emotion, and dealt frankly and vividly with that elementary material of knowledge and simple moral principle which constitutes the substance of life. When we say that Dr. Gunsaulus was a Chautauquan of the best type, we are perhaps giving as clear and just an idea as may be conveyed of his work in the pulpit and on the platform. Along with his career in the religious field, went his service as Director of the Armour Institute of Technology. He united in his single person, in other words, the activities of a popular city preacher and a busy college president. It is amazing to contemplate, if only from the standpoint of sheer time and strength, the high degree of not unworthy success which he attained in this dual capacity. He was plainly a man of vitality, industry, quick resourcefulness, utter devotion and immense joy in his tasks. For years he was one of the most familiar and influential figures in the public life of Chicago. It is a pity that, so soon after his retirement from the pulpit, to give all his energies to the Armour Institute, he should be cut off.

No one watchful of events in the field of literature can have failed to note the recent appearance in America of a rapid succession of notable novels, indicative of the rise of a new school of writers. In a few months have come from the presses Miss Zona Gale's "Lulu Bett," Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf," Sherwood Anderson's "Poor White," Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," and Henry G. Aikman's "Zell." For the first time in a generation, the United States is able to bear, without blushing, comparison with the achievements of England in the field of fiction. Not yet have we our Wells, or Bennett, or Galsworthy, or De Morgan; but these novels just named outmatch the product of the British Isles in the same period, and these authors are young and thus full of promise of great things yet to be. Certainly our friends across the seas have no youthful contemporaries to match them. We count this a thrilling moment in the literary history of this country. Almost without warning there bursts upon us a group of writers who seem destined to give us a new literature of distinction and pregnant native worth. The next ten years may well be waited with bated breath.

Religion and Art in the 13th Century

To those who seek the literature which deals with the life and times of people who were free, the work of Emile Mâle must appeal with all the qualities of a rare fairy tale; telling of Utopia in practice, of democratic art and a religious life expressed in great works. "Religious Art in France, XIII Century," is a mine of rich instruction and in it M. Mâle has given to us a new interpretation of the harmony and beauty of monastic times. This work of one of France's greatest scholars is of fundamental importance to economists and historians. In a great sweep he wipes away the mountains of lies told of pre-Reformation days by the Wolseys and Cromwells and the long line of sectarians who perpetuated the evil tales told by Tudor hirelings. Without taking a controversial line M. Mâle lays before the reader the findings of his research and leaves his book to the judgment of the reader. In it the key to the art of the Middle Ages is restored and the symbolism, the soul of Gothic art that was dead, is revived, and lives again in these wonderful pages. "Through the medium of art the highest conceptions of the theologian and scholar penetrated to some extent the minds of even the humblest of the people," the author says, "in mediæval art every form clothes a thought; one could say thought works within the material and fashions it."

If it were possible for us to forget the so-called religious controversies which have raged over Christendom since the Reformation, and regard the Middle Ages from the viewpoint of the economist, we might see clearly that the economic basis of that society was one of equal opportunity. Since the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts we have been taught to regard Church and State as the institutions from which all good things come, and this teaching has done its work so thoroughly that generation after generation has lived and died in the belief that Church and State were created at the beginning of time. Now that the glorious past is attracting the attention of economists, historians, theologians and artists, and they are lifting it up out of the obscurity into which it was plunged by the Reformation, the student can realize under how great a delusion mankind has lingered; clearly enough he can now see that Church and State are comparatively modern institutions, and that in old monastic days they were often enough evil tyrannies when many an abbot called his people to arms to defend their right and order against the encroachment and menace of external authority. Freedom was the foundation of that society which raised the Gothic monuments at Chartres and Canterbury. The passion for order which was peculiar to the Middle Ages was not invoked by the legislation of monarch or pope; that passion was inherent in the people; it was of the spirit which made their lives beautiful.

Was it not Joseph de Maistre who described that life in these words: "Whoever is able to subdue human will without degrading human nature has rendered to society a service beyond human price in freeing government from the care of watching over these men, of employing, and above all, of paying them. There has never been a happier idea than that of uniting pacific citizens who labored, prayed, studied, wrote, cultivated the ground *and asked nothing from those in authority.*" This refers to an old order of things—the Middle Ages, a time forgotten so long, a system almost Utopian when pacific "citizens" asked nothing from those in authority.

It is hard to explain why the Renaissance overshadowed the Middle Ages, how the work of the 15th and 16th centuries in Italy and France came triumphing over the splendors of the 13th and 14th centuries. Vast economic and political changes had however, taken place, and in England the work of Thomas Cromwell brought gloom and ruin to the abbeys. Perhaps we shall have a clearer understanding of the changes wrought by the Reformation when we have studied the Middle Ages in such works as M. Mâle's. He says: "The thirteenth century was the century of encyclopedias. At no other period have so many works appeared bearing the titles of *Summa, Speculum* or *Imago Mundi.* It was in this century that Thomas Aquinas co-ordinated the whole body of Christian doctrine, Jacobus de Voragine collected the most famous legends of the Saints, Guliel-mus Durandus epitomized all previous writers on the liturgy, and Vincent of Beauvais attempted to em-

brace universal knowledge. Christianity came to full consciousness of its own genius, and the conception of the universe which had been elaborated by previous centuries received complete expression. It was believed to be possible to raise the final edifice of human knowledge, and in the universities which had recently been founded throughout Europe—above all the young university of Paris—the work was carried on with enthusiasm; and, further on, he adds: "While the doctors were constructing the intellectual edifice which was to shelter the whole of Christendom, the cathedral of stone was rising as its visible counterpart. It too in its fashion was a *Speculum,* a *Summa,* an *Imago Mundi* into which the Middle Age put all its most cherished convictions. These great churches are the most perfect known expression in art of the mind of an epoch." Certainly not since pre-Periclean days was there an epoch of such pulsating vitality, energetic artistry, and general well-being. Montalembert says: "It was the energetic and manly character of their institutions and men which secured the reign of liberty in the Middle Ages. . . Everything there breathes freedom, health and life—all is full of vigor, force and youth."

Reading Emile Mâle's work brings vividly to mind the economic condition of England when a peasant could produce in fifteen weeks enough food to keep himself and family for a year. Those were the days of abundance and leisure, and then there was time to build cathedrals and express life in the arts associated with the abbeys. And it is because we firmly believe economic justice is the first requisite of a new era, which will combine the finest fruit of the old, that we return to the Middle Ages to find the secret of that glorious time. There we find art thriving because its roots were planted in economic justice. Therefore, we say it is not enough to advocate economic justice, because it is the way to freedom; something else is required to make its full meaning clear, and that is art; for all people are primarily artists, and they will respond readily to an appeal which touches the highest aspiration of their souls.

It has been said that when involuntary poverty is abolished, those who were hungry will be the first to cry: "What would ye we should do next?" Then it will be found that man does not live by bread alone. What then will be the inspiration and aim of the people when economic justice reigns and the material misery which confounds the imagination of rich and poor alike passes from the face of the earth away? Shall we all unite in the bonds of voluntary co-operation merely for the purpose of producing and distributing wealth? Will that be all? Surely not, for man will never rest content with the necessaries of existence, produced in a few short hours under such a system. He will ask: "What shall I do with my life now that the gaunt specter of poverty haunts me no more?" He will soon realize that the work of mere production is not his life; indeed the small part of it occupied by the work of procuring food, fuel, clothing and shelter will at best be a secondary matter, entering scarcely at all into the life he will yearn to live. One needs only let the mind dwell for a little while on what will occur when the ideas of scientist and inventor are freed from the bondage imposed by privilege, to realize how swiftly the motive of mankind, i. e., to satisfy desires and needs with the least exertion, will be consummated. Then man will subdue the earth and rise to touch the heavens. He will discover within himself the larger need of spiritual development, he will seek the highest plane of culture and refinement, and attain to the fullest enjoyment art and love can yield. Why not? All this was his portion for four centuries in England, France and Germany. His history of that time is extant. It is written in a thousand monuments, some standing in glory defying the stress of centuries, at Chartres, Gloucester, Laon, Canterbury, Rouen, Notre Dame de Paris, Peterborough and York. Man then had time to raise art to the highest perfection of the ages; his life was full; there was indeed nothing pertaining to and connected with the monastic art of the Middle Age that he could not practice. He was an integral part of the scheme of that system. Whether as laborer in the fields, in the quarry, at the forge, no matter what his manual task, all that was precious in the system was his to enjoy. Then the lowliest knew no fear of want; the child of the laborer was co-equal with the baron's heir to every monastic office in the land, to every place of honor in the life of the abbey, which was not only the religious sanctuary of all, but the studio and workshop of artificers who wrought miracles of craftsmanship our system dare not pretend to reproduce. It was a simple matter that of procuring the material needs of man in that time. Why should it be difficult now, and man seem to strive year in and year out to satisfy his desires and needs with the greatest exertion? It is futile blaming the so-called industrial system—machinery—for the change, brought about, for machinery should enable men to lighten their labors, and save time. Who ever heard of a man of the Middle Ages pray for a job? Who ever read of stint until landlords under the Tudors reversed the order of the universe and denied men equal rights? Only war or pestilence caused poverty in those days.

Economic justice in the primitive sense was the fundamental on which the folk of the Middle Ages raised their monuments, transcending in enduring beauty every artistic effort of the folk raised since that time. Who will question the validity of that assumption? Is not the scholar of art today bending every impulse and purpose of his mind towards an elucidation of

the secret of communal aspiration and activity of the Middle Ages? A complete voluminous literature on this subject has come into being during the past half century, and it reveals an economic and artistic system unsurpassed for perfection in the annals of any other period. What was there to ennoble and inspire man that was not ever near him in the Middle Ages? Everything from literature to architecture, from music to sculpture was his to practice and enjoy, or to reverence and admire. Drama was his to witness, or take part in, in the mystery, and chant was his to hear or sing every day. Think of the workers concerned in the art of making glass and metals and fabrics all in one community, and ask how anyone in it could escape the influence of the designers and craftsmen who produced works which we of today look upon with wonder. Think of the windows in the cript of St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster, of the Tree of Jesse pictured in a window at Chartres, and understand how deep in the mind of the folk were woven by the artists of the Middle Ages those sublime allegories which inspired the long line of poets from Caedmon to Dante. That was indeed the age of man, when he used the earth freely—as a mere stepping stone in his journey upwards—for he was then an aspiring soul.

The seven arts were better known and loved in those days. Indeed they were as much a part of the monastic system as the liturgy itself. The work of Martianus Capella was studied throughout Christendom, and every clerk knew the seven arts. Grammar, rhetoric, dialectic, and arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music; with philosophy, mother of all, presiding over them. Then labor and knowledge were twin brethren, and man labored to gain enfranchisement.

How strange it is that the Fathers of the early days —like the Hebrew prophets—were all sound economists. They never had any doubt as to the necessity and efficacy of maintaining the principle of man's equal rights to the use of the earth. Then how far removed the church was from the State; nay, how often the former triumphed over the latter on the question of the supremacy of man's individual freedom. Economic justice was the basis of the system, and it was maintained in all its integrity for more than a thousand years, upheld against and unbesmirched by royal or papal tyrant. Not until the fifteenth century was ushered in did the system suffer violence from within and dishonor from without. Yet after six centuries of systems substituted by the State (with the assistance of a reformed Christendom) the glory of the early time persists and will not be effaced. The life of that day triumphs in every way over the best our civilization can boast.

What have we gained by prayer and fasting, by making religion a joyless, rather drab part of our life? Is it any wonder the Protestant churches are empty? What sectarian of knowledge can thrill with pride when he contrasts the work and art of his religious life with that of the Middle Ages? The soul of it all is lost and the body perisheth, for faith without deeds maketh not a full man. When deeds of labor and art engaged men every day of their lives faith required no pontifical certificate to be blessed. Religion was understood, it was accepted, quite simply, without stress and protestation, for it was life itself, containing all man's material and spiritual desires and needs. It was a chalice full of man's aspiration, and if the term religion has not a meaning as full and all-embracing as that of man or the universe, then it should not be applied to the life of the Middle Age, when every activity of man was related integrally in the system.

Was the secret of the harmony and beauty of that life to be found in the union of man's material and spiritual forces? Everything of value for the whole development of man was embraced by the system. Service and love were wedded to faith and hope. Things of life and death were bound together in indissoluble ties. The active and contemplative life were inseparable. The word religion was then used in the fullest sense: to bind together, to co-ordinate and unify. Labor and art were essentials of the religious life, toil and learning were not divorced, and, in perfecting the work of the artist, man reached a higher perfection himself. Now that we have taken all the art out of religion how poor a thing is a church —a shell, the kernel turned to dust. Yes, the blow struck by the Council of Trent was as cruel as any struck by Calvin, for it maimed the exaltation of the human spirit as it thrilled in the highest expressions of the artist. Then the key of the symbolism of the art of the Middle Age was lost; within two centuries the work of destruction was complete. Who now, knowing the history of that life, would exchange one allegory, one simple fairy tale, which inspired and charmed the folk in their symbolic art, for any of the fact and fiction bequeathed by Luther and Thomas Cromwell?

FRANCIS NEILSON.

I am asked then, "Do you think that a woman may speak in meeting?" No; unless she has something to say. But if she has that which, being said, men are glad to hear and are benefited by, she ought to have the privilege of saying it. . . . I do not ask her to take on the robust ways of men. This I say: We have trumpets enough; let us have flutes.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath.—*George Borrow.*

THE PULPIT

The Church and War

By Rev. James Barr, B.D.
Home Mission Secretary, United Free Church of Scotland

The Church stands among us as the representative of certain great and noble ideals which have but to be applied to public and private life, at home and abroad, to usher in that long-promised but elusive new world that ever "flits ere we can find its place." The Church proclaims the virtues of truth, honor, justice, honesty, for every relation of life. These themselves, if faithfully practiced, would transform international policy, and make war well nigh impossible. Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley himself declared that the man who acted upon these principles in war had better sheath his sword for ever. For well nigh sixty years, with some regrettable aberrations, Mr. Gladstone sought to apply these great principles to foreign affairs, ever taking his appeal to the principles of justice and of human brotherhood, to the sacred independence of nations great and small, to the equal rights of the weak with the strong, to the law of kindness, to the supremacy of the golden rule: "Let us do as we would be done by," he cried in the quarrel with Athens over the case of Don Pacifico; "we shall have done what is right, we shall enjoy the peace of our own consciences, and receive, whether a little sooner or a little later, the approval of the public voice itself." His appeal, as in his condemnation of the opium wars against China, was to those principles of natural justice—"that justice which binds man to man; which is older than Christianity, because it was in the world before Christianity; which is broader than Christianity, because it extends to the world beyond Christianity; and which underlies Christianity, for Christianity itself appeals to it."

Nor is it new ideals only that the Church could bring into world politics. It is not enough to have high ideals, or even the machinery designed to attain them; there is need also of moral dynamic, of high motive power. It is five and thirty years since T. H. Green, in his Prolegomena to Ethics, gave out his dictum that the results of actions were uniformly in accord with the motives that impelled them. Few were disposed to accept so sweeping a statement without qualification.

The Church's great watchwords, echoed every Sabbath from thousands of pulpits in this country alone, are sacrifice and service—not self-interest, but service; not aggrandisement, but ministry; not the will to power, but the will to righteousness. Why not make these the controlling and commanding motives in our own social system, and in all our national policy at home and abroad? Viscount Grey complains of the great difficulty of reconciling national policies with the Christian spirit, inasmuch as "the Christian spirit is one of seeking the common good and unselfishness, whereas the condition between nations is one of competition." How could it be otherwise abroad when competition is made the keystone of the whole social system at home; when it is taught that "enlightened selfishness" will work out the highest good for all; that if we practice the gospel of getting on in the world, good will be done to our fellow-men in the going; that love of gain is the necessary incentive of all labor, invention and progress. If we practice this gospel of aggrandisement at home, we can only expect to see it writ large on our doings abroad. The time has surely come to turn from these sordid maxims to the transforming ideals and inspiring motives of Jesus Christ; and if that means the complete overthrow of the present economic and social system, so much the better. The highest motives are the mightiest. Love is the greatest power in the world. And that will be a better social, and a better international, system which is built on love and mutual service and common possession and human brotherhood, than that which is built up on personal interest:

> Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
> The new, the dreary void shall fill
> With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
> For love shall lay each corner stone.

The Church International

The Church proclaims a universal gospel, a divine empire embracing all mankind, a kingdom in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female. In the faith that God hath made of one blood all nations of men that are on the face of the earth, and that the Christian redemption is for the whole human race, it goes forth to the conquests of all lands, eschewing all carnal weapons, and relying solely on the divine force of truth and love. It is part of the militarists' creed that there are races that know no argument save blood and iron. But the race that fails to respond to acts of kindness has not yet been discovered.

Thus, in connection with the repressive measures undertaken at the time of the Indian Mutiny, John Bright said:

> I am willing to avow that I am in favor of justice and conciliation—of the law of justice and of kindness. Justice and Mercy are the supreme attributes of the Perfection which we call Deity, but all men everywhere apprehend them; there is no speech nor language in which their voice is not heard, and they cannot be vainly exercised with regard to the docile and intelligent millions of India.

To the methods of the missionary those of the militarist stand in irreconcilable antagonism. By our military adventures in heathen lands we built up for ourselves and for the gospel almost insurmountable barriers. The military madness of Amritsar now threatens the work of all the Missionary Colleges of India. The European war has given a backset to Christian enterprise in many a land. Thus Viscount Grey at the Students' Christian Movement Conference:

> Is it not the case that the fact of the European War has immensely diminished the prestige of Christian civilization in those countries which have a civilization of their own, and which are in the main non-Christian?

It is no wonder, therefore, that our prominent missionaries have in so many cases been pronounced pacifists. It was this that led the Rev. R. P. Ashe, of Uganda, to preach his notable sermon on "The Crime of War," and that led James Hepburn in his "Twenty Years in Khama's Country," to declare against the policy of annexation, and to maintain that if a tithe of the amount that Britain had spent on war in South Africa had been spent in missions, that country would have been far advanced in civilization. "Let us win," he declared, "the nations by our love; let us kindle a mutual trustfulness, and we may confidently wait for them to come and ask for our protection and leadership." So the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, protested against sending a

military expedition to claim redress for the massacre of Chinese missionaries, and declared it would only lead the Chinese to associate the gospel with the sword, and to see in the devoted persons who stood on the highways and preached Christ, the men who had battered down the Taku forts and forced opium on China.

If then war is hostile to all Christian enterprise, alike at home and abroad, the modern Church must take up a far more uncompromising attitude than she has ever done in the past. Let her discard all forms of military equipment in the training of the young; let her frown continually on militarism and all its works, and let her establish a world-league of Christian Churches in co-operation with a league of the workers of all lands, every league and every member bound by a solemn pledge that in no cause, even the noblest, will they ever lift the sword again.

The Church has a great didactic function. The pulpit of to-day has the old prophetic mission of explaining history and interpreting events. Would that it had the spirit and daring of these prophets of old. Would that it had some of "rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire" that swept him on against the world-policies of his time, and made him censure his own land till, as one authority says, he was "condemned as a heretic by the orthodox and adjudged unpatriotic by his countrymen." And how apposite are some of these prophetic utterances to our own time. Thus Haggai: "Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little"; and Jeremiah: "Ye looked for peace, but no good came, and for a time of healing, and behold trouble."

Perhaps the Church could best serve the world today by telling how her own liberties were won, and how disastrous in most cases were her attempts to secure them by arms. The day was when men flew to arms to settle matters of faith; when, in language now all too familiar to us, it was maintained that men were secure in their faith only as they fought for it, and showed that they prized their spiritual possessions; and that those who stayed at home and would not go to fight were meanly enjoying the faith for which others were dying. Until at length, men saw that physical force could never settle such questions; that men would not be taught to think at the point of the bayonet; that the power of opinion was stronger than the might of mailed men; and that in all such cases, as Luther put it, "With force of arms we nothing can." And so wars of religion have passed. But if we can do without war so far as the most precious things of all are concerned, may we not come to dispense with it for the lesser things? If religion can be secure without it, and religious disputes settled by other modes, may not the other possessions of a nation be secured in some similar way?

Two illustrations may be given of the way in which the Church's liberties were really won. In 313 A.D. there was issued the Edict of Milan, establishing absolute freedom of worship for all religions throughout the Roman Empire. This freedom was won not on the battlefield, but at the stake, where as each martyr died a dozen fresh converts sprang up to take his place. Thus one great historian says:

> And so the long battle of 250 years was ended. The contest between absolute power and absolute weakness had terminated in the victory of the latter. Nor was that greatest struggle which the world has ever seen a bloodless campaign. The battlefield had been all Europe, and its soil had been drenched with the blood of thousands of its bravest sons and daughters. The slaughter had been all on one side, which freely poured forth its blood, and fought without using spear or sword and won.

The other instance is the Scottish Covenanters. They are popularly supposed to have won something for us by the sword, and even so eminent a writer as Sir George Adam Smith declares, "We are those who themselves owe their religious liberty to the virtues of the battlefield." There could not be a greater travesty of the facts. The Covenanters, as their greatest historian, Wodrow, testifies, won nothing but added severities by their risings in arms. They were scattered and taken at Rullion Green; they snatched a temporary victory at Drumclog; they were broken and routed at Bothwell Brig; they were hewn to pieces at Ayr's Moss. The military history of the Covenant closed in 1680, and it closed in absolute defeat for the Covenanters. Then the stake fires were kindled afresh and the scaffolds thickened all over the land. In 1685 came the Killing Year, and in 1688 the Covenanters won the victory they had lost on the battlefield. They won it on the scaffold, and in Scotland that scaffold still sways the future.—*Foreign Affairs.*

IN EXCELSIS

Spring!
And all our valleys turning into green
Remembering—
As I remember! So my heart turns glad
For so much youth and joy—this to have had
When in my veins the tide of living fire
Was at its flow;
This, to know
When now the miracle of young desire
Burns on the hills, and spring's sweet choristers again
Chant from each tree and every bush aflame,
Love's wondrous name:
This under youth's glad reign,
With all the valleys turning into green—
This to have heard and seen!

And Song!
Once to have known what every wakened bird
Has heard:
Once to have entered into that great harmony
Of love's creation, and to feel
The pulsing waves of wonder steal
Through all my being; once to be
In that same sea
Of wakened joy that stirs in every tree
And every bird; and then to sing—
To sing aloud the endless Song of Spring!

Waiting, I turn to Thee
Expectant, humble, and on bended knee;
Youth's radiant fire
Only to burn at Thy unknown desire—
For this alone has Song been granted me.
Upon Thy altar burn me at Thy will;
All wonders fill
My cup, and it is Thine;
Life's precious wine
For this alone: for Thee.
Yet never can be paid
The debt long laid
Upon my heart, because my lips did press
In youth's glad Spring the Cup of Loveliness!

Palm Sunday, 1921. —*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

First Undergrad: What shall we do?

Second Undergrad: I'll spin a coin. If it's head we'll go to the movies; tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study.—*London Opinion.*

CONTRIBUTED

The Bankruptcy of Europe

Who realizes the desperate plight of Europe? It is an economic paralysis; its shock touches every nation in the world. The vast network of industrial relations is broken, as when a tornado smashes the telegraph system. None of the European nations lately at war have any honest money. No sound basis exists upon which to do business. Meantime the bad peace took over all the seeds of war. In the face of economic conditions, crying out for radical retrenchment, and most of all for universal disarmament, no nation dares to disarm. Even we in the United States, though not in the least danger from war, are putting on extra war insurance in the shape of a bigger navy than ever. Does any nation love this prosperous America, holding its great mortgages over its allies, and in its apparent aloofness from the League of Nations? Thus fear and suspicion rule the world, as if no great religion had ever been preached, and no one knows what further misery impends.

Can we not see that our only help must come on the side of our humanity? That we must begin over again where we ought to have started in making peace? That we must put away the war camouflage and tell ourselves the truth, namely, that the war was not the work of one nation alone, that it was a sort of terrible disease in which all of us became infected. Can we not at least see that we must show each other a little humanity, before we can ever resume those normal international relations for the want of which we face another catastrophe?

Suppose now that we in America begin to do what ordinary pity dictates. We should seek to help where our help is most needed, that is, in setting up the broken-down lines of trade and industry. This is where we are strongest; it is where the world expects us to do something. This does not mean to behave as the chief cold-blooded creditor, anxious to get the last penny of our immense loans. It means the conduct of a friendly creditor, willing to take losses with all the others and to use his power as creditor so as to bring relief, not merely to one or two of his more able neighbors, but to establish the whole group of bankrupts upon the ground of a common solvency. For such a venture we shall doubtless have to set up a new Commission for the distinct purpose (not provided in any existing machinery) of bringing "normalcy" out of the present financial chaos. We should choose from anywhere in the world the humanest and fairest-minded men whose character would command confidence. We should give them means to procure the assistance of auxiliary committees in the countries which desire their advice. We should expect them to recognize the fact of the practical bankruptcy of the Continental governments, but especially the inhumanity of requiring any one of them to make slaves of its industrial population and of children unborn, in the effort to pay these war debts. In short, we should do what both mercy and good business recommend, namely, scale down the excessive indebtedness, with proper reference to the various circumstances of each nation, and set the debtors free to go to work again with a gleam of hope in their eyes. Our Commission should recommend also a common method for the withdrawal of the present fabulous loads of paper currency and the resumption of a specie basis for each country.

Here is the opportunity for America to establish an illustrious character among the nations. We appear now as a people who fought "to win the war." Are we willing to stop here? Or, do we honestly care for democracy and for other peoples, or even intelligently for the peace and welfare of our children? We have European loans to the extent of ten billions of dollars. Suppose in this tremendous world crisis we stand ready in ways of relief such as our Commission should advise, to remit, if it seems best, the whole of this sum for the sake of the general good. We were willing to spend more than this for a war which brought no good. What are we willing to do in order to secure a veritable peace, in which every nation shall share? This would be the first great gesture of international humanity since the war began. Our gifts for food already point to something like this.

We should especially look to Great Britain to assist us in this enterprise, which would call for general co-operation and suitable concessions for every nation that joined in the war. The English would remember that the Boer War was never concluded till they adopted a similar policy of reconciliation with their late enemies.

Shall we then include Russia and Germany in our new economic union? We must. The body of society can never be whole till all its members are well. Does France wish to punish Germany? This would be to punish France, and to continue to keep France in fear as long as an alien soldier treads on German soil. Besides, we Americans are making an enormous concession in order to enable France and all the others to treat one another with magnanimity. We wish to free every nation of Europe from thinking of any other nation as enemies. We wish to clear away the supposed necessity for a cumbrous system of custom houses to bar the peoples of the world from the wholesome interflow of travel and commerce. As for Russia, we have contrived to impose terrible suffering upon her people. De we owe them no assistance? Do we not wish to resume business with them?

The perplexing problem of international disarmament now obviously resolves itself. The condition of our help would have to be a general disarmament in which we should lead the procession. Even America cannot afford to spend billions in making peace and at the same time waste her billions for war. Once take off our backs the stupendous sums that we are now devoting to preparations for war, and we should all soon pay our debts; neither should we need to incur war debts again; for we should have rid ourselves of the fears and enmities that call for war; we should have inaugurated a solid business policy against war; we should have made the seas free for small and great nations alike; we should have shown the way to settle the Irish question; we should have secured by our enterprise for the common welfare, for the first time in history, a humane basis for a genuine League of Nations.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., Feb. 14, 1921.

If the People Knew!

When Lord Robert Cecil made his now famous statement, "Public opinion would be sufficient to insure at least that any future war would be reduced to a single dispute, that is, that there would never be another war like the last war. If we had had a conference on the reply of Serbia to Austria, in 1914, and had not allowed these countries to fight for a set period, there would have been no war. If the situation had been known to the world, no nation could have forced its people to fight"—there were probably thousands who were horror-stricken on reading it, as I was, to think that so comparatively simple an expedient as a conference of nations would have saved the whole world from the tortures and frightfulness of more than six years!

As time has gone on and I have thought it over, I have wondered if Lord Robert did a wise thing in making that statement for the world to read. Wise, that is, in relation to national governments! It is all very well for governments to be told that a conference of nations would have prevented the war. They have probably known it for a long time. But is it wise to let the people know it? Through stern and bitter experience we have learned that the horrors of war do not end with an armistice or even with the signing of a treaty of peace, but that suffering impossible to estimate accrues from the pestilence, crime and starvation which follow and which claim victims that total even greater numbers than those of the slaughter machines of war. So, is it really the part of wisdom to let the people know that all the heaped-up agonies that they have borne through no wish of theirs, and for no profit to them, either visible or invisible, could have been averted?

And again is it wise to let the populace know that if the secrets of "secret diplomacy" were brought to light they would in all likelihood—and could successfully—rise en masse against the dictates of their rulers and refuse to sacrifice their lives for the honor of their own country or the saving of another? What will result in future if the people know so much about these things which should be directed by the Presidents and Premiers, and army and navy heads, and others whose outlook is war—war—for the settlement of an international grievance, i. e., a diplomatic dispute over the control of certain foreign territory, greatly desired by two or more countries for its trade or wealth! And suppose that a "next" war were considered desirable by said officials of some country, and the people at large—and even the enlisted men—were to refuse to be "forced to fight," what would happen, I wonder! Would these hundreds of thousands of rebellious citizens all be punished as "conscientious objectors," imprisoned and tortured as were the brave souls who refused to sully their consciences during the late war? Or would they be court-martialed? Or what? Is it indeed wise to allow the people to know so much of the doings of diplomats and high officials that they would take it upon themselves to decide as to whether or not they were willing to lay down their lives in a vain and futile attempt to settle the quarrels of their superiors—while those superior go unscathed, and the number of millionaires increases, and the financial interests pile up more finances? Would it not be wiser to keep the people ignorant and submissive, if it can be done? I doubt that Lord Robert has done the wise thing in telling the world that the people of any nation could oppose a summons to war if they did not approve its reason and object! 'Twould be quite a spectacle and quite an instructive and extraordinary bit of history to have a nation-wide strike against a draft—or a war for whose raison d'être the people understood enough to disapprove!

But in all sincerity, what an indictment for a guilty world is that ultimatum of Lord Robert Cecil!—"If there had been a conference there would have been no war!" Why then was there not a conference? What were the hidden reasons of rulers and their cliques that arrangements had not long before been made whereby an unavoidable conference should be called at the first suspicious sign of a war? Why have secret diplomatic missions been continued till the event occurred that threatened almost the very existence of the living world? And why—with the lessons of that cataclysm still before their eyes—why do the rulers, our own among them, continue to build armaments and prepare for a possible repetition which might be on a still more tremendous scale?

Some of us know why, and it is easy enough for any one to find out who has ordinary common sense and is not stubbornly determined that he will not admit the truth of the glaring facts that face him wherever he turns. Any one can learn the truth today if he really wishes to.

If we elect as our nation's guides men whose brains are befogged with ideas of ancient origin that have obtained since primitive and mediæval days and have no place in a struggle toward true civilization, men who seem obsessed with the idea that war can accomplish something—besides actual conquest of territory and weaker races or nations—when the truth is that war never settled anything that could not have been settled far more satisfactorily by other means, if we give to that type of individual the highest offices it is in our power to bestow and the authority and power bestowed upon them are used not for our benefit but rather to our injury, what is there for us to do but take our medicine? It may taste bad, but do we not deserve it?

One marvels though that even such as they learn nothing from the history of past ages. A marvel indeed is it that there is anyone in the world who, reading the lessons of the late war, does not see that loss outnumbers gain on every count! Loss, loss on every side! Never was the truth more clear, more evident than today that, "War is the most ferocious and futile of human follies," and yet the rulers of people—people who are crying out for peace—go on in their mad folly with building superdreadnaughts and aircraft and with all other needed "preparations"! Is it indeed up to the people to take the initiative and by refusing to obey a summons to war teach the rulers of the nations their duty to their countrymen?

Brookline, Mass. LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

In the recent war, as in all others, the charge was made that the enemy waged inhuman and uncivilized warfare. The humanization and civilization of war! One might as well speak of the virtue of vice, the tenderness of atrocity, the reverence of sacrilege, the innocence of guilt, the truth of falsehood, the freedom of slavery!—*Henry J. Cadbury.*

From "National Ideals in the Old Testament."

A Flash in the Dark

Those of us who live in large cities and are more or less closely in touch with liberal tendencies of thought, are inclined to forget that in a hundred and one out of the way places in this country are whole populations which are as far removed from the currents of modern thought and experience as the benighted peasantry of the Middle Ages. Especially is this true of religion, the most ancient superstitions of which are still surviving in the minds of thousands of men and women in small towns, rural communities and remote mountain districts. The spiritual illiteracy of the Negroes and poor whites of the South is fairly familiar to us through special studies which have been made in these fields. It is not so well known that similar conditions prevail in sections not far removed from the great centers of life, where flourish the most progressive influences of civilized existence. It seems hard to believe that one could take a train at New York City, ride three or four hours on one of the greatest railroad systems of America, then drive a few miles into the country, and come upon a group of pure-blooded Americans whose religious life is as ignorant, superstitious and barbarous as that of the pagans of an ancient day—but such is the sober fact all the same!

Two young women, who are members of the Community Church in New York, fired with an enthusiasm to do educational and social betterment work for the neglected rural populations of our Eastern states, found a field of service in the state of Maryland. The conditions which they have discovered in the district which they have chosen for their labors are almost beyond belief. The people are wretchedly poor, live in broken down and filthy cabins, conform to sanitary practices which would disgrace wild Indians, and are guilty of relationships which, common-place to them, are to intelligent people the essence of degeneracy. The community seems utterly neglected by the government and the great churches of the state. There is a school house, but teaching was of the most intermittent character until these two girls came along. Ministers appear now and then, but come more as wandering evangelists than anything else, and are of the most ignorant type. An accurate description of the facts which these two heroic women have unearthed, and which have been recounted to me in personal interviews, would shock the nation. Any adequate statement of the religious conditions would constitute a terrific indictment of American Christianity. In answer to persistent requests, one of the young women has sent to me certain extracts from her personal diary bearing on religious conditions as she has found them. We reprint some of these extracts here as a kind of "Flash in the Dark."

It should be added that the two young women who have gone to this community as heroically as any foreign missionary ever went to remote quarters of the globe, are working practically on their own resources and are now greatly handicapped for lack of funds. Any contributions, even the smallest, would be to them an inestimable boon. If any of our readers are interested and care to help in socially and spiritually rejuvenating such a lost community as this, they may send their contributions to me and I will see that they are promptly forwarded.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

DIARY EXTRACTS.

Ascension Day.

Had only eleven children in school. Was asked on the road this morning if we would have sewing today. Said little Mary, "Maw she said if you was to make me sew, I was to come home cause the Good Man would strike me with lightnin' if I sewed on Senshun Day." I asked her why we have Ascension Day. "I dunno." "Well, do you know who Jesus was?" "Some kind of a Queen," said Mary.

Christmas Day.

Santa Claus entertainment at the schoolhouse last night. Coming home asked Mrs. T. if she enjoyed it. "I ain't never been no place I felt so bad about goin' to. My feet was heavy all the way a-goin'. I don't believe in these yere entertainments. They ain't right, but if Miss B. had gave an 'altar call' I wouldn't of felt so bad about it."

Wednesday.

Made another call on the T. family, whose children have been staying out of school. They have joined the Pentacostal Church, the "Holy Rollers." "It's like this," said Mrs. T. "The preacher he has a little girl. She's nine years old and she ain't never been to school and she can read grand. The Holy Ghost he taught her and I just think I'll be to let Him teach our children." Tried to persuade her to let children come, reminding her that she had been fined last year for keeping them home. She insisted that she was doing right in following the example of the preacher. Finally told her I did not believe that the child had been taught by the Holy Ghost. Said she would prove it if I would go to church with her on Sunday. Promised to go.

Sunday.

Just home from the Holy Rollers. Service highly emotional and hysterical. One of my schoolboys, eleven years old, lay on the floor rigid for two hours "under the power of the Holy Ghost." After the service asked the preacher to have his daughter read to me. She read very well for a nine-year-old child. His wife admitted that she had taught the child, but qualified this to Mrs. T., saying that the Holy Ghost helped. Told Mrs. T. that I had not the slightest objection to this outside help so long as the children come to school.

Tuesday.

Went tonight to Mrs. T.'s home to a Holy Roller meeting. Mr. T.: "What's this yere Anti-Christ? Is it the Pope?" Member: "Yes. It's him that is the Beast what is coming up out of the sea. Yes, and he's on his way over here now to put the mark of the Beast on all of us."

Thursday.

Visited the home of Mrs. M. They are Holy Rollers and daily look for the end of the world. Said Mr. M.: "'Tain't no use to fix up cause the world ain't goin' to stand very long. I thought I'd be to do some things this spring but it ain't worth while." If the end does not soon come, the M. family will have no home. Window panes are out, door latches broken, tumble-down fences, leaking roof and barn door hanging on one hinge.

Monday.

More of the Holy Rollers. Mr. E. too believes that the end is near, but the reaction of his belief on his farming is quite different. Sick in bed for days, he yesterday got up and planted his corn. Said he wanted his crops in before the end came.

Tuesday.

Today Mr. E. brought the peck of sweet potatoes we had ordered. When we asked him how much they would be he said, "Well, I thought to ask you forty cents, but something told me that was too much." Told him that did not seem high and asked him what he would take. "Something told me 'twould not be right to ask more than—thirty-five."

Friday.

Have been hearing rumors that Mr. W. is thinking of leaving his wife. Today met Mrs. W. Told me she had had another encounter with the Holy Ghost. "I was a-cutting corn and you know your thoughts is always running to good or to bad and mine was running to good. Well all of a sudden like 'the Power' come on me and I fell one way and the corn cutter it flew right out of my hand and I didn't know nothing for twenty minutes. Tom he waked me a-cursing and a goin'-on. He said the corn cutter just missed him and he ain't going to live with me no longer. I say if he was a real Christian man he'd be glad and proud to have his wife under the Power of the Holy Ghost, now wouldn't he?"

Monday.

Daisy does our washing. She is not a Holy Roller, but goes to the "Church of God as organized by Christ," getting re-converted at every revival. She is always afraid something will happen and this morning she feared a storm. Said she, "You dig your garden and you plant it and you weed it and hoe it all summer and then the Good Man sends a hail storm and cuts it all to pieces and—you can't do a *thing* about it."

Sunday.

Visiting minister here today. Tried to prove that the "Church of God" was the first church. He said, " 'The Church of God' is mentioned twelve times in the New Testament. No other denomination is spoken of. Now a man when he marries gives his wife his family name and he does not want her to bear any other name but his. Our God is a jealous God. The church is the bride of Christ and he does not want his bride to bear any other name but his. Christ's family name is God. Therefore it follows that the true church must be the 'Church of God'."

Tuesday.

Called on Mr. A., as school trustee. Asked him his opinion of the minister Mr. W. "I don't think much of him. He come in this yere house a stranger and he left it a sinner." I asked what he had done. "Well there has been priests and ministers in our house afore this but this one's the first that ever went out without he asked us to pray. Besides he don't know nothing. He said it weren't the Jews that crucified Christ, it were the Roman Catholics. I told him the Bible said 'twas the Jews and he said 'You're got some other book'."

Sunday.

Last week the minister said, "If the Lord sends you a shout, use it." Today he paused in his sermon. "I know there's some as wishes I wouldn't talk so much about Hell, but listen, if you take Hell out of my mouth, I'll take Heaven out too, and then you won't have *no place* to go."

SELECTED

Any Workman to the Churches

[The author of this article won the prize for all Great Britain and Ireland offered by the Walker Trust (St. Andrews University, Scotland) for an essay on "Spiritual Regeneration as the Basis of World Reconstruction" (December, 1920). The article was published by the *Outlook* as representing the opinions of thoughtful youth today, and not necessarily with any indorsement of the views expressed.—EDITORS.]

The contagion of practical materialism has spread to the church itself, infecting its whole outlook and poisoning the springs of its life.—The Army and Religion (Second Part).

There seems little left for workingmen to add to this condemnation of you out of your own mouth, but, while conscious of the truth of this condemnation, our most pressing grievances lie elsewhere.

To us, you are the most unreal thing in the world. The scientific discoveries but of yesterday are as familiar to us as our own hands, but you have a far-away mistiness about you, impossible to describe; or if, for a moment, we can catch your outline, you seem like some ruin—the relic of a past age.

The reason for this unreality is, we feel, not far to seek. You do not yet understand the spirit of this age. You do not yet realize the spirit of inquiry that is abroad today; that same eager desire to see, to know, to understand, at whose imperious command science has moved to its discoveries; a desire, not peculiar to one class, but penetrating and permeating every class, and as strong among us workers as anywhere.

We know something of the advances that have been made during the last hundred years or so in the business and commercial world, and much of those made in the realm of science. And we now know that the war was largely the outcome of these advances. But we also know that you did not make a corresponding advance. Had you done so, we cannot doubt but that the war would have been prevented.

You have no vital hold on us. If you doubted this before, you cannot do so now after that compilation of evidence which you yourself have collected—"The Army and Religion."

If you did not know before, you now know that for long you have had nothing to offer the young, the eager, the enthusiast—the most vital part of our nation; and that those who have found Christ have found Him outside your gates—found Him, almost, in spite of you.

"It is fear that holds men back." It is fear that has held you back; fear of upsetting the fixed and comfortable beliefs of the old, fear of appealing to the hearts through the undimmed minds of the young. And so, the young who grow up under you are like the old of a past generation, and there is no change. Better a hundredfold that the old be disturbed than that the young be left to perish! You haven't trusted us, you haven't taken us into your confidence. You haven't taught us with the simplicity necessary in teaching children—we wish you had; but in other ways you have treated us like children, and we don't like it. Old people may tolerate being treated as children, but the young never will.

We asked bread of you, but you did not give us even a stone, you did not give us anything. We had to go elsewhere—to Sunday Schools where we got history and political economy for religion. We were taught there how you helped the other side during the Industrial Revolution, taught how you have always helped the other side. What are we to think of your coldness, of your lack of sympathy with our efforts in the past and today?

But, keeping away from our own unaided struggles, what are we to think of your attitude to wider things—to the League of Nations, for example? To us in France and scattered over the rest of the earth, this idea, this hope, became something worth fighting for. We venerated the handful of humane statesmen and scholars who gave it birth, and the ever-growing army of public and private persons who kept it in being. Why had we to look so long to you for a response? Only after it had been hailed by the most earnest statesmen the world over and by all labor and Socialist bodies, did you raise your voice on its behalf; and today you seem helpless to prevent it becoming little else than a mockery. Are we wrong in thinking that the ideal of a genuine League of Nations should have sprung to life in your own bosom and been your dearest child?

What about your outlook on starving Europe? We could find it in our hearts to forgive you your compromises during the war, and your giving of your voice to swell the general shout of hate. We can understand a little of your belief that encouragement of the soldiers lay on one and the same plane with your duty to Christ. But the war has been over for two years. Why have you been so slow to lend your ear to the pitiful cry that has been going up from millions of starving women and children? That cry has melted even the hearts of those whom you perhaps look upon as outcasts. We looked for a passion of pity to stir your heart. Why was it that the first reproof to the Allies for allowing these women and children to starve came from our army of occu-

pation and not from you? Had our soldiers more compassion than you could find in your heart? At last you have joined your voice to the appeal to fight the famine, but—a laggard as ever!—only after the famine has been for long the obsessing thought of thousands of humane men and women in every land.

What do we expect from you?

We expect reality, consistency, courage, sympathy, life. Above all, we expect Christ. "My humanity is the road by which men must travel." When will you understand that the humanity of Jesus means all in all to us, and that little else matters? We look to you for an interpretation, for a re-interpretation. We look for that broad and imaginative sympathy that counts all men brothers. We look to you to show us Christ's reasonableness, his wonderful knowledge of the springs that move the human soul. We look to you to make living to us His great love for humanity; a love that made Him not only suffer for us, but with us; that made Him search for means whereby we could be saved from ourselves, from the suffering and misery and loss that we bring upon our own heads and upon the heads of those whom we love.

Now, as never before, you must tell us, and tell us again and again, that "the wages of sin is death." This war has been cruel and destructive, and our scientists tell us that the next one will be more cruel and more destructive, and the one after that more so than any before, until, finally, humanity destroys itself. The wages of sin, that is, of ignorance, of pride, of love of money and of power, is death. Cannot you make the world realize that?

Briefly, we look to you to "spiritualize democracy."

But before you can do this, you must have more courage and more life. Had you had in the past as much life, as much conviction, as much fire as our Socialist leaders have, you would have set the world in a blaze by this time. You must also bow to this spirit of inquiry that fills our lives, and do not expect from us an unquestioning credulity. Cease to offend our intellects by your services. You cannot make them too simple, too familiar, too real.

Above all, you need vision. You must have as hopeful and convincing a vision of man's potentialities, man's destiny, as Christ had. Your failure in the past has been largely due to a want of vision, a want of conviction, a want of hope.

H. G. Lyall.

THEY KNOW NOT.

Who never has beheld the fields grow green
  From behind prison bars,
Nor from a narrow cell at twilight seen
  The dear forbidden stars
Glisten above the shadow of a wall
    Where Death stands guard,
Nor ever heard the dreadful hammers fall
  On a new scaffold-board—

Who never has from joy been shut away,
  By the proud world forgot,
And waited, hour by hour, and day by day,
  With human souls that rot
Under the lash of heartless tyranny
  Where Life has nought to give
Save tears—he knows not what it means to die—
  Nor what it means to live!

—Brent Dow Allison.

The Wisdom of the Peoples

III. The Proverbs of Old England.

There is nothing new except what has been forgotten.

He that wants money is accounted among those that want wit.

He that hath no children doth bring them up well.

The gardener's dog neither eats cabbage himself nor lets anybody else.

None but cats and dogs are allowed to quarrel in my house.

Heaven deliver me from a man of one book.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.

Say nothing of my debts unless you mean to pay them.

We are all Adam's children, but silk makes the difference.

A goose quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

Some have been thought brave because they were afraid to run away.

A diamond is valuable, though it lie in the gutter.

The church is full of his acquaintances; the pulpit would hold his friends.

It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor.

A bird is known by his note, and a man by his talk.

The tongue of a fool carves a piece of his heart to all that sit near him.

What a dust have I raised, quoth the fly upon the coach.

A good archer is not known by his arrows but by his aim.

A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his own throat.

Who would do ill never wants occasion.

The first breath is the beginning of death.

A man among children will be long a child, a child among men will be soon a man.

He who has love in his heart has spurs in his sides.

A fool may throw a stone into a well which a hundred wise men cannot pull out.

A man that will fight may find a cudgel in every hedge.

He gains a good deal who loses a vain hope.

"I'll go myself" and "I'll see to it" are the two best lads the farmer ever had.

It is the same to him who has shoes on his feet as if the whole world were covered with leather.

When drums beat, laws are dumb.

A wise man may look ridiculous in the company of fools.

It's an ill cause a lawyer thinks shame of.

Let him who would be ill-served keep plenty of servants.

He that kills when he is drunk, is hanged when he is sober.

He that is proud of his fine clothes gets his reputation from his tailor.

Where will a man find a worse friend than he brings from home?

The fire in the flint shows not till it is struck.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

Nearest the king, nearest the gallows.

To a shattered ship every wind is unkind.

When doctors differ patients die.

When the sun comes in the doctor goes out.

James Waldo Fawcett.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE FORUM.

During the month of April a new experiment in the way of Sunday afternoon meetings will be tried at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, which should prove of interest to the people of the city. A new Lincoln Centre Orchestra has been formed which will render a half-hour orchestral program each afternoon. Community singing, led by Mr. James J. Donnelly, will occupy a quarter of an hour. A half hour's talk by some well known speaker upon a topic of live public interest will follow and time will be allowed for questions after the address. The hour of meeting is three o'clock. There will be but four afternoons this spring, and in the fall the work will be resumed as a permanent factor in the Lincoln Centre program. The speakers and their topics for April are as follows:

April 3—Professor Edward Allsworth Ross of the University of Wisconsin: "This Man-Made World."

April 10—Judge Harry Fisher of Chicago: "Food Relief for Europe."

April 17—Mr. William Pickens of New York City: "Race Relations."

April 20—Mr. Carl Sandburg of Chicago: Readings from His Poems.

There will be no admission fee for these Forums. A silver collection will be taken, and on April 10 funds will be contributed to food relief. All are cordially invited to attend these Sunday afternoons. Q.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE LITTLE THEATRE.

The Lincoln Centre Little Theatre is putting on a new program on Saturday, April 2nd, with a children's matinee at 4 o'clock and an evening performance at 8 o'clock. The program includes a one-act play, "Troll Magic"; a Pantomime, "The Magic Shop," and two interpretative dances by the Festival Dancers and other Lincoln Centre groups. Community singing will be conducted by Mr. Donnelly from the new Lincoln Centre community song sheet. Adult admission, 25 cents. Children at matinee, 10 cents. The next program will be by adult groups in early May and will include Irish plays. Q.

TWO CITIZENS OF CHICAGO.

[We reprint the following extract from the editorial columns of the *New York Evening Post*, as we feel sure it will be of interest to UNITY readers.—ED.]

Among the men who just before and after the World's Fair gave Chicago her place in American culture, two ministers were prominent. They were Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the quiet, scholarly Welshman who organized All Souls Church in 1882, and Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, who came to Plymouth Church in 1887. The death of Dr. Gunsaulus, following upon that of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, removes an influence felt throughout the whole upper Mississippi Valley. Dr. Gunsaulus was an orator whose powers recalled even Brooks and Beecher. Sunday after Sunday he would fill the Auditorium with crowds made up in part of visitors from every State of the Northwest. His eloquence and learning made him a lecturer and occasional speaker who could not begin to meet the demands on his time. Like Dr. Washington Gladden and Jones, he was an apostle of social Christianity. Both he and Jones lectured at Chicago University. Jones headed the Tower Hill school and Gunsaulus for two decades was president of Armour Institute. Both were keenly interested in social settlements and civic improvement. Chicago with her suburb Evanston can claim to be one of the three greatest theological centers in America, but such men as Gunsaulus are not easily replaced.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

Having no doubt in his mind that the feeling of antipathy rapidly growing in intensity and extension between the people of the East and the West is a great menace to the future of civilization, Rabindranath Tagore feels the necessity of making some attempt at reconciliation without delay. With this object in view he wishes to put before the thoughtful and sympathetic individuals of America a proposal to help him by raising funds to establish in India an International University where students from both hemispheres can meet together to study philosophy, literature, and the arts of India and the different cultures of the surrounding Eastern races.

Rabindranath Tagore has already formed the nucleus for such a university at his institution called "Shanti-niketan" (Abode of Peace) which was started by him some twenty years ago as a school. This institution has been rapidly growing in influence and is now widening its scope and its appeal. Rabindranath Tagore has devoted all his resources to this experiment in education. He has given the whole of the Nobel Prize money, the entire profit from his sale of books and a great part of his private income. Therefore he has the right to claim the generous co-operation of the people of this country in building up this institution which will be one of the factors for creating a future in which the East and the West will work together to bring about peace and restore civilization to its proper balance.

From the resources at his command and the effort of twenty years, Rabindranath Tagore has been able to build up an institution, which has now at the present moment, equipment for teaching 200 boys and girls up to the high school standard and fifty students for advanced studies and research work. The following table gives the number and kind of buildings and the professorial staff in existence and also those that are now needed in order to help it to grow into a centre of Eastern culture.

BUILDINGS EXISTING.

6 Dormitories with accommodation for 200 boys and girls of high school age.

1 Dormitory with accommodation for 50 graduate students.

Small Library containing about 20,000 books.

Hospital with accommodation for 20 beds; laboratory equipped for teaching elementary physics, chemistry and botany; gymnasium; kitchen and dining hall (for 300); prayer hall, workshops, fine arts building with collection of Indian paintings, 20 cottages for teachers' residential quarters, 1 bungalow for European teachers, office building, stores, farm buildings.

WANTED

Dormitories, kitchen and dining room, library extension, books, extension and equipment for hospital, laboratory for advanced teaching, extension to dining hall, auditorium with stage to accommodate 800, technical school with equipment, museum and art gallery, 20 more cottages for teachers, more accommodations for European teachers.

STAFF EXISTING

About 25 teachers for high school section.

Professors of: Modern Indian Languages, 2; Medieval Indian Literature, 1; Sanskrit and Pali Literature, 2; Greek and Latin, 1; English Literature, 1; French Literature, 1; Indian Art and Painting, 2; Indian Vocal Music, 1; Indian Instrumental Music, 1.

About twenty-five additional teachers and fourteen additional chairs and scholarships are proposed.

The fellowships and scholarships will be distributed as far as practicable by American and European Universities.

The cost of the endowment of a chair would approximate $30,000 to $50,000 each, except in Science where the cost would approximate $100,000.

Fellowships	$10,000
Scholarships	5,000

The cost of the buildings projected would vary from $10,000 to $100,000—the total being somewhat less than $400,000.

The figures used are approximate and may seem low, but the calculation has been made with reference to Indian conditions, where fortunately the prices have not risen to the same extent as in this country.

It is needless to say that the above scheme should not be treated as too rigid and inelastic. It should be allowed some freedom to follow its natural growth assimilating in its course of development new elements, and occupying wider fields. With the possibility of the growth of the fund we shall look forward to the time when the Hebraic, Arabic, Persian, Chinese and Japanese culture can be included in our syllabus thus giving opportunity to the students to form a comprehensive idea of the Eastern mind and its products. In the meanwhile the work should be started at once arranging and modifying the program, restricting or extending its scope according to the amount of money realized. If committees can be established in different centres of this country each working for some particular department of the institution the realization of this great scheme in all its fulness will surely become possible.

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